

THE
PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

THUS WITH A FAITHFUL AIM, HAVE WE PRESUM'D,
ADVENT'ROUS TO DELINEATE NATURE'S FORM ;
WHETHER IN VAST, MAJESTIC POMP ARRAY'D
OR DREST FOR PLEASING WONDER, OR SERENE
IN BEAUTY'S ROSY SMILE.
AKENSIDE.

VOL. V.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 1, 1805.

No. 22.

ORIGINAL LETTERS,

FROM THE LATE WILLIAM COWPER, ESQR.

TO MR. PARK.

West-Underwood, Decem. 17, 1792.

DEAR SIR,

YOU are very kind in thinking it worth while to enquire after so irregular a correspondent. When I had read your last, I persuaded myself that I had answered your obliging letter received while I was at Earleham, and seemed clearly to remember it; but upon better recollection, am inclined to think myself mistaken, and that I have many pardons to ask for neglecting to do it so long.

While I was at Mr. Hayley's I could hardly find opportunity to write to any body. He is an early riser, and breakfasts early, and unless I could rise early enough myself to dispatch a letter before breakfast, I had no leisure to do it at all. For immediately after breakfast we repaired to the library, where we studied in concert till noon, and the rest of my time was so occupied by necessary attention to my poor invalid, Mrs. Unwin, and by various other engagements, that to write was impossible.

Since my return, I have been almost constantly afflicted with weak and inflamed eyes, and indeed have wanted spirits as well as leisure. If you can therefore, you must pardon me; and you will do it perhaps the rather, when I assure you that not you alone, but every person and every thing that had demands upon me has been equally neglected. A strange weariness has long had dominion over me, that has indisposed and indeed disqualified me for all employment, and my hindrances besides have been such that I am sadly in arrear in all quarters. A thousand times I have been sorry and ashamed that your MSS. are yet unrevised, and if you knew the compunction that it has cost me, you would pity me; for I feel as if I were guilty in that particular, though my conscience tells me that it could not be otherwise.

Before I received your letter written from Margate, I had formed a resolution never to be engraved, and was confirmed in it by my friend Hayley's example. But learning since, though I have not learned it from himself, that my bookseller has an intention to prefix a copy of Abbot's picture of me to the next edition of my poems, at his own expence, if I can be prevailed upon to consent to it; in consideration of the liberality of his behaviour, I have felt my determination shaken. This intelligence however comes to me from a third person, and till it reaches me in a direct line from Johnson, I can say nothing to him about it. When he shall open to me his intentions himself, I will not be backward to mention to him your obliging offer, and shall be particularly gratified, if I must be engraved at last, to have that service performed for me by a friend.

I thank you for the anecdote, which could not fail to be very pleasant, and remain, my dear Sir,

With gratitude and affection,

Yours,

WM. COWPER.

TO THE SAME.

West-Underwood, January 3, 1793.

DEAR SIR,

A few lines must serve to introduce to you my much valued friend Mr. Rose, and to thank you for your very obliging attention in sending me so approved a remedy for my disorder. It is no fault of yours, but it will be a disappointment to you to know, that I have long been in possession of that remedy, and have tried it without effect, or, to speak more truly, with an unfavourable one. Judging by the pain it causes, I conclude that it is of the caustic kind, and may therefore be sovereign in cases where the eye-lids are ulcerated; but mine is a dry inflammation, which it has already increased as often as I have used it. I used it again, after having long since resolved to use it no more, that I might not seem, even to myself, to

slight your kindness, but with no better effect than in every former instance.

You are very candid in crediting so readily the excuse I make for not having yet revised your MSS. and as kind in allowing me still longer time. I refer you for a more particular account of the circumstances that make all my literary pursuits at present impracticable to me, to the young gentleman who delivers this into your hands. He is perfectly master of the subject, having just left me after having spent a fortnight with us.

You asked me a long time since a question concerning the Olaey hymns, which I do not remember that I have ever answered.— Those marked C are mine, one excepted, which though it bears that mark, was written by Mr. Newton. I have not the collection at present, and therefore cannot tell you which it is.

You must extend your charity still a little farther, and excuse a short answer to your two obliging letters. I do everything with my pen in a hurry, but will not conclude without entreating you to make my thanks and best compliments to the lady who was so good as to trouble herself for my sake to write a character of the medicine.

I remain, My dear Sir,

Sincerely yours,

WM. COWPER.

P. S. Your request does me honour. Johnson will have orders in a few days to send you a copy of the fifth edition of my poems.

BIOGRAPHY.

MEMOIRS OF THE LATE DUC DE BIRON.

Perhaps in the pages of biography there never has yet appeared a more romantic or amiable character than that which was exhibited by this unfortunate nobleman. Born to the possession of illustrious rank, and educated in the most polished court of Europe; the idol of its women, the example for its men; it is not singular that his mind should have been strongly tinctured with a taste for chivalry.

Early in life the Duc de Biron conceived a marked predilection in favour of the English nation; every subordinate sensation, originating in self love, or springing from the contracted source of national prejudice, was beneath the dignity and ingenuousness of his mind. He was an observer of nature; he traced the progress of her influence on the human heart, and he discovered, that its expansion is always proportionate to the liberty it possesses of exercising its noblest energies. France was then in a state of degrading subjection; England was the favoured seat of freedom. The Duke, being, at that period, less affluent than noble, less economical than generous, about five-and-twenty years ago established his residence in England.

He chose his abode in St. Alban's street, Pall-mall; where he very speedily adopted both private manners and public opinions completely English. He consequently enlarged the scale of his acquaintance, and became so popular, that his society was courted, not only in the most illustrious, but in the most enlightened circles.

This nobleman then bore the title of duke of Lauzun. His person was manly and prepossessing; his countenance pleasing and benevolent; his conversation lively, interesting, and well informed; and his temper so irresistibly fascinating, that he seldom was known to lose the affections of those with whom he had once lived on terms of sociability.

Lauzun was an admirer of literature and the fine arts; he wrote with elegance and feeling on subjects wherein the heart was his monitor; and with classical propriety, when matters of worldly import formed the tenor of his letters. If he evinced a fault, or rather a defect of nature, it was that of a portion of vanity which sometimes contributed to diffuse a shade over the brighter features of his character. But his excessive sensibility, united to a servile imagination, probably led him beyond the boundaries of judgment, and awakened in his mind a spirit less vivid than that of the most romantic heroes of antiquity.

During his residence in England he became enamoured of a lady, at that time one of the most beautiful in the courtly circle. Unfortunately she was married. Lauzun, with a spirit of gallantry refined by an enthusiastic sense of honour, worshipped the object of his idolatry in silent regret. But love is like-eyed; and the accomplished victor sanctioned a pure and sacred intercourse of soul, which by turns ameliorated and embittered the destiny of her adored.

Few men are capable of entertaining, and still fewer women of inspiring, a passion

which reason and refinement have power to divest of its grosser propensities. But Lauzun was not commonly organized; he was an enthusiast of every thing estimable in the softer sex, and an example of all that was dignified in his own. Every thing that we read of in romance falls short of the ardour which actuated his mind, when it once became influenced by a beloved object.

After many months had passed away in this Platonic attachment, some untoward circumstances produced a sudden separation; circumstances no less agonizing to Lauzun's heart, than unexpected in the fashionable circles. The consequence was, the lady's immediately quitting the metropolis, and fixing her retirement in the wilds of a sister kingdom.

Lauzun's despair was undiscrivable! He experienced all the miseries of that gloomy vacuum which succeeds the interest of a warm and generous passion. He resigned himself for a time to the excess of melancholy, and, after vainly endeavouring to shake off the spell which seemed to fasten on his faculties, devoted to regrets the most poignant, to sensations the most afflicting, he again repaired to his native country. There he continued to reside under the immediate protection of his venerable uncle, then Duc de Biron, whose fortune and title he afterwards inherited.

Lauzun was the darling of society, the ornament of the French court: and the distinguished favourite of the unfortunates Marie Antoinette. But let it not be supposed that the kindness shewn towards this amiable nobleman originated in any motive but a liberal desire to patronize and to promote superior qualifications; Lauzun was a soldier, as well as an accomplished gentleman; he was no less enterprising than polished; no less enlightened than liberal. Antoinette, amidst all the errors that, perhaps, malice has ascribed to her, knew how to discriminate with judgment, while she rewarded with munificence.

During the early periods of the American war, Lauzun was prevailed upon by family influence to form a matrimonial alliance. Interest was the unsteady basis on which a soul replete with all the sensibilities of refinement was compelled to build its fabric of domestic happiness. His relatives urged the union as both honourable and lucrative; and Lauzun being, at that time, less opulent than high born; more pliant than provident of his own felicity; repeatedly solicited by his uncle, whose influence was boundless, and whom he loved with the affection of a son, he at last consented. Even at this interesting and important epoch of human existence, Lauzun was too brilliantly enlight-

ened to admit the very shadow of deception. The day previous to his marriage, he candidly avowed the real state of his heart; and confessed without reserve, that the bonds of honour, the chain of family connection, and the policy of convenience, not the softer fetters of affection, would unite them.

Superior minds will condemn the plea of such an union; and refined natures will shudder at such a sordid sacrifice; but marriages of this kind were perpetually solemnized in France; and very frequently such contracts were ratified by parents, even before the contracted parties were personally known to each other. This was not one of the least violations of liberty which operated powerfully in promoting, and at length in accomplishing the French revolution.

The Duchess was remarkably deficient in personal graces; though nature had bestowed on her the powers of receiving a considerable degree of mental cultivation. The avowed indifference which subsisted between them naturally produced a languor of mind, which was wholly inimical to domestic happiness; mutual neglect soon gave birth to mutual disgust; and, after a few months had tediously elapsed in a series of constrained civilities, they parted.

(To be concluded next week.)

MISCELLANY.

VALMORE AND JULIA.

(concluded.)

"It is over: You have removed the veil that concealed your real sentiments, and from this moment I tear asunder the ties that attached me to you. The purity of my own mind made me think your's virtuous. In that idea I found an excuse for my weakness, and gave myself up to the delightful thought of being beloved by the worthiest of men; this was a consolation for all my sorrows, and I should have cherished it to my latest hour. But you have banished this illusion, and in its room have shewn me a wretch, who would lead my unsuspecting fondness to shame and misery: that would load me with the reproaches of my injured parents, and tempt to disgrace a respectable family, by bringing infamy on myself. This, inhuman as you are, is the return you make for tenderness like mine!"

"Contemptible as you are, I still pity you; my tears at this moment will not be restrained; but I will dry their source, by banishing your idea from my heart.

Adieu, for ever!
JULIA."

The instant stroke of lightning could not have had a more sudden, nor, indeed, a much more fatal effect upon Valmore, than the perusal of these lines:—

The damps of death bedewed his face,
He sighed, he groaned, he fell!

The good folks of the cottage where he lodged ran to his assistance, and brought him back to misery. On the instant he wrote to his offended fair one, in the following terms:

“ The wretch who has offended Julia does not deserve to live! nor will he longer endure a being which her contempt has rendered odious to him. But before he takes his everlasting leave of all his heart holds dear, examine his offence, and try if you have not misjudged him, and mistaken the innocent ardour of his passion for the artful plan of a seducer.

“ I cannot bear the thought, nor will I attempt to excuse what you think criminal. You have withdrawn your love; my life depended on that only. The moment I receive a confirmation of that cruel sentence, my death shall rid you of a being that must be hateful to you, and in the grave, at least I shall elude your hate.

Adieu, forever!

VALMORE.”

He had no sooner dispatched the letter, than the agitation of mind he had suffered began to operate upon his body: he was seized with a fever, and became delirious in a few hours. The tender Julia was almost as much distracted as her lover, when she had read his letter; she feared the violence of his resentment at her unjust suspicions, might tempt him to destroy himself, and willingly would she have laid down her life to have saved his.

Her father and mother were at that time on a visit. What hindered her seeing him once more, granting his pardon, and bidding him farewell forever? No time was to be lost; she mounted behind his servant, and arrived at the cottage where he lay, as quick as the horse's speed could carry her. Valmore, as I have already said, was senseless, but her loved voice soon lured his reason back, and the soft tears she shed upon his cheek dispelled the fever's rage; she gave him leave to plead his pardon as soon as his health would permit, and gave him a key which would open an entrance to her father's garden, where he should come at midnight, before he set out for the army, and receive her last adieu.

Need I say that Julia's presence, as if by magic, restored the health and happiness of

Valmore? He availed himself of her permission to sue his pardon at her feet on the ensuing night, and many interviews ensued; at each of which Julia became less shocked at the idea which had at first so much alarmed her prudence. To be short, she at length consented to elope, and the lovers set out accordingly for Falaise.

Valmore truly loved his mistress; his behaviour to her, therefore, during their long journey was bounded by the most respectful tenderness, which, however, could not dissipate the sorrow she felt, from the consciousness of having acted wrong. The moment they arrived at Falaise, Valmore left Julia at the inn, and flew to his uncle's house. He was received with the most cordial caresses by the old gentleman, till the impatient youth, declared the occasion of his visit, and implored his parental protection for one far dearer than himself. The scene was quickly changed; instead of caresses, he was loaded with reproaches, and bade to fly with his infamous companion for ever from his sight.

At his return to the inn, Julia read her fate in Valmore's looks; he was incapable of revealing the anguish of his mind by words; he threw himself at her feet, and bathed them with tears. “ I know it all (said she); we are compleatly ruined; we have offended heaven, and deserve our punishment.—I became a sharer in your guilt, from the moment I calmly listened to the fatal proposal that has undone us both.—But I will not reproach you.”

The unhappy fugitives passed the night in tears, without being able to form any plan for their future conduct or subsistence; towards morning they retired to their separate chambers, and Valmore's exhausted spirits were refreshed by a profound slumber. It was late when he awoke, and the first object that struck his sight, was a letter that had been thrust under the door of his chamber; he took it hastily up, and read as follows:—

“ Return thanks to heaven, my dear Valmore, for the happy resolution with which it has inspired me. Those allusions of felicity with which we flattered ourselves are vanished, and in their room the most horrid realities remain for both, if we continue together. My flight will prevent your misery, and may in time secure my repose; at least I will bury my faults and my shame together in a cloister.

Adieu!

Strive to forget the unhappy

JULIA!”

I will not pretend to describe Valmore's situation when he had read this fatal billet;

suffice it to say, that it was very little short of distraction. He flew to the adjacent convents, and made fruitless enquiries for his Julia; no one could give him tidings of her. He questioned every human creature he met on the highways if they had seen his love; and for many months continued his vain pursuit, without ever sleeping under a roof; his countenance became ferocious, and his figure squallid, so as to inspire everyone who saw him with horror.

After enduring a variety of misery, and being totally devoid of the means of subsistence, he enlisted as a common soldier in a regiment which was then going to serve in Germany. During the campaign he sought death, even in the cannon's mouth, in vain; all that he wished eluded his pursuit, and he dragged on a wretched existence in despite of himself. In this deplorable state he continued almost five years, till at the conclusion of the war, the army marched into winter quarters at Frankfort.

Valmore's despair alone could withstand the joy that then universally reigned in that great city; he shunned the haunts of men, and lived in the woods alone. He happened in one of his sequestered walks to see his colonel drive by with a lady in a chariot, and he paid with sullenness the usual compliment of a salute to his commander. On the instant his eyes seemed fascinated; the form of Julia appeared to his bewildered imagination, a thick darkness over-shadowed his sight, and he sunk senseless to the earth.

The colonel ordered one of his servants to dismount, and take care of Valmore.—When he came to himself, he eagerly enquired who the lady was that he had seen in the chariot; and was informed, that she was a lady of easy virtue, whom Mons. de Farbanne, his colonel, was remarkably fond of. He then exclaimed aloud, “ It is impossible! dear shade, forgive the injury which for a moment my rash thoughts have done thee.”

On his return to Frankfort, the likeness between Julia and the lady he had seen, still haunted him, and he resolved to clear his doubts by an interview. The next morning he found out her house, and desired permission to see her: she immediately supposed he brought some message from his colonel, and permitted his admission to her presence. She was alone; he gazed on her till all his doubts were passed, and then with streaming eyes addressed her thus: “ Ah, Julia! have these tears flowed for thy loss so long, to find thee thus! Is this the cloister in which you wished to bury the hapless errors of an innocent love? And didst thou leave the chaste, the tender arms of the dispairing Valmore to plunge into the horrors of vice and infamy?”

Though the change which so many years of misery had wrought in Valmore, prevented her knowing him at first, his accents and his words quickly recalled his former image to her recollection and made her rush into his arms exclaiming aloud, "It is, it is my Valmore!" Then tearing herself from him, she threw herself on a couch, burst into tears, and turned away her face. "Cruel Julia," said Valmore, "wouldest thou again deprive me of thy sight?"

"Yes," she replied, "I wish to fly from thee, of all mankind, because I am unworthy of thy love, and have forfeited every claim to my own esteem, as well as thine; thy contempt, my own, and that of all that know me, is my portion. Yet heaven is my witness, that when I quitted thee, I meant to consecrate my heart to God, and in a convent expiate the crime of having disobeyed my parents, for that thou knowest was then the only guilt my soul was conscious of."

"In vain did I repeatedly implore admittance at different monasteries; my dress, my youth, and even my beauty, were objections to my being received into any. I had no means of assuring them that my pension would be paid; and they seemed to consider me as a wretch that had been seduced from virtue, who might possibly carry about me the effect of my supposed crime, and disgrace their community. In consequence of these reiterated disappointments, I returned to the inn where I had left you; but you had fled from thence like an arrow in the air, and left no trace behind."

"Distracted with my grief, and not knowing whither to direct my steps, I wandered on, resolving to lie down and die, when my poor feeble limbs could not convey me farther.—That hour approached, I breathed a prayer for you, and sat me down beside a little brook, hoping each sigh I drew would be my last. A chaise came driving on. I had not strength to move out of the way, though called to by the postilions. The horses stopped to water. A lady who was in the carriage gazed upon me, and became interested by my appearance; she spoke to me with kindness. I answered not but by tears.—She alighted and took me by the hand, bid me be of comfort, and pressed me to accept a seat in her carriage to the next inn, where she would endeavour by any means in her power to be serviceable to me."

The voice of pity soothed my breaking heart, and as well as I was able I expressed my gratitude and accepted her offer. To be short, I acquainted her with my distressful story, concealing only my name and family. She conveyed me to her house at Rouen, and treated me like a sister. But judge of my distress Valmore, when I discovered

that my amiable benefactress, though she possessed all others, was deficient in the most material of all female virtues! A thousand times did I resolve to quit her; but the charms of her conversation, the gentleness of her manners, and, above all, her generosity and kindness to me, prevented me. Vice is contagious; spare my confusion, Valmore, and guess the rest."

"If you have virtue enough left, said Valmore, to blush at your unhappy situation, you surely will consent to quit it. Fly, my adorable Julia! fly from the paths of vice! renounce these gilded trappings, these marks of infamy; repent in humble poverty, strive to atone thy crimes by patient suffering, and thy faithful lover's arms regain thy virtue." "Heaven," said Julia, "is witness of my sincere repentance; but whither shall we fly?"

As she pronounced these words, Colonel Farbanne entered. He stood amazed at seeing Valmore, and observed that they were both dissolved in tears; then turning to him said, "What dost thou here? begone this instant!" "Do you begone?" said Valmore, "vice is forbidden now to enter here."—"What means this insolence?" replied the Colonel, and raised his cane to strike at Valmore, who at that moment drew his sword, saying, "The very garb he wore, forbade his receiving the indignity he had offered, and bid him instantly defend himself." The Colonel drew, and in a moment Valmore's too furious arm directed his weapon's point to his antagonist's heart, who fell dead on the instant.

Valmore was quickly seized, torn from his Julia's arms, who begged to accompany him and thrown into a dungeon. A court-martial was immediately called, and he was sentenced to be shot on the next day. He received his sentence with firmness. The hope he felt of having recalled his beloved Julia to the paths of virtue, sat smiling at his heart. He marched to execution between two ranks of his former fellow soldiers with a manly step and an elevated air. His eyes alone were dry.

As he approached the fatal spot, he heard a tumultuous sound. He turned his head and saw a woman pale and dishevelled, rushing through the crowd; he heard his name pronounced by a soft dying voice, and at that instant Julia caught him in her arms. Exhausted, trembling, sighing, she expired, and sunk upon the earth never to rise again. The now distracted Valmore could not support her in his eager arms, for they were pinned, he threw himself on the ground beside her, and fell into strong convulsions. Insensibility succeeded these emotions; he was remanded back to prison, and ere the

day's dawn, his spirit was released from his poor suffering clay, and free to seek the hundred soul of Julia.

ORIGINAL LETTER

FROM MR. COLE TO DR. PERCY.

Mr. Walpole is, like the rest of the world, bestowing much attention on the Rowleian controversy, and furnished me with many hints that will be useful hereafter on that popular subject. You know, I imagine that Mr. Tyrwhit, Tom Warton, Mr. Malone, and others have taken up their pens in opposition to the books of Bryant and Mills. My friend Dr. Johnson says, he is sorry for the former, who professes a very great and deserved reputation; as to the Dean's performance it is every where treated as it deserves, and to its fate he resigns it without concern.

Michael Drayton mentions a picture of Jane Shore: by his description of it, it should seem that the very original picture of her in the Provost of Eton College's Lodge had been seen by him. There is also another naked picture of her in the Lodge of the Provost of King's College, in Cambridge, to both which foundations she is supposed to have done friendly offices with King Edward IV. I have a mezzotinto print of her taken from one of these paintings.

I am very glad to find that my letter afforded you any amusement: one part of my ramble I had not room to mention: a visit to the last retreat of that pious philosopher, Mr. Ray, at Black Notley: con amore, I made a drawing of the church, and his monument in the church yard. The parish clerk had such remembrance of him, from others that he said, he kept in his house small animals, no larger than fleas, which died soon after him, as no one knew how to feed them. These were insects, preparatory to his History to those animals, which he never lived to compleat. The clerk pointed out to me the farm house which was once his dwelling. I there saw his library, i. e. the room which once contained his books: and his garden before it, about an acre of ground. Here the father of English Naturalists lived employed and happy.

I am so much of Mr. Pope's opinion about the tall bully that it is probable I might have been mortified by Mr. Tutet's account of the fire of London; for it has always been a part of my political creed, that a set of people, diametrically opposite to the papists, were the incendiaries; but this is a secret. I rarely trust, even in this land of self-calling toleration, with any but my own real friends.

MASUCCIO SALERNITANO.

The first edition of his novels, printed in Naples, in folio in 1476, was sold, in the Paris sale for 21l. ; the second edition, 1492, for 5l. 15s. 6d. The language of both is Neapolitan, and very obsolete ; yet it seems very probable that Lawrence Sterne had studied them, for his manner of telling a story is very like old Masuccio's. To go no farther than his Preface, where by way of compliment to his readers, he relates the following event.

" In those days of illustrious and happy remembrance, in the reign of Queen Margaret, there was a wealthy merchant of great traffic, and well known throughout Italy, named Guardo Salusgio, of an honourable family. Now this man, walking one day carelessly before his shop in the clothier's street, and at one of his turns seeing, at the very feet of a poor taylor, a Venetian ducat, which, however, was dirty and trod upon, nevertheless, by the merchant, who was well acquainted with the coin, was instantly recognized ; and so, without ceremony, stooping down, with a smile, he said, ' by my faith, here is a ducat ! ' The wretched botcher, who was just then patching a doublet for a morsel of bread, overcome with envy at the sight, and from extreme poverty acted upon by rage and grief, looked up to Heaven ! and with his clenched fist, blasphemed the justice and power of God, added, ' well is it said, that *gold flies to gold, and that misery and want cannot influence it !* Here have I toiled all day to earn five pence, and find nothing but stones to wear out my shoes ; while this great lord of treasure picks up a ducat of gold at my feet, who has no more occasion for it than a dead man for incense. Thus are the impoverished rendered more miserable by the prosperity of the unworthy.'

" The prudent and wise merchant, who during this speech had, by the fiery arguments of the silver-smith, who lived opposite, reduced the ducat to its pristine beauty, turning to the poor taylor, with a smiling countenance, replied ; ' you are wrong, my good man, to blame Heaven who has justly decreed that I should find the ducat ; for, had it fallen to your share, you would soon have spent it ; or, if by chance it had remained awhile in your hands, you would have put it in some dirty place, alone too ; whereas I, on the contrary, shall send him to his equals, among gay and splendid company.' So saying, he turned round to his bank, and threw it on the top of many thousand florins that lay therein."

The ducat was his book ; the heap of florins, his genteel readers.

ON INVENTIONS.

If the state of ecstacy, as Locke will have it, be a dreaming with the eyes open, therefore, surely, dreaming itself is a sleeping ecstacy. I shall maintain my point in the true spirit of controversy ; if confuted, I shall say that I am misunderstood ; I have a good reason for my perseverance : I am an excellent dreamer, and every man is unwilling to confess his profession to be a bad one. I have laboured in this way very long, employed many a night without interruption, in this mysterious work, and I compare myself without vanity to an Epimenides or a Des Cartes as far as pure dreaming will go. I chanced to read of Mahomet's vision, and could hardly believe that after ninety thousand conferences with Allah, the pitcher he had overset on ascending his ass, had not touched the ground on his return. I tried to believe over and over again ; but could not believe it in my soul. After a thousand attempts to silence my incredulity, the following words of Sancho rushed on my tongue, " blessed be the man that first invented sleep." — This grave and pious doxology soon forced me into an ecstacy, as indeed all such devout things have on me the *virtus dormitiva* of Moliere quæ facit dormire.

In this rapture my senses were all hushed to silence, and my fancy threw together well or ill the heads of a paragraph already prepared ; some things are not clear to me now, but were then plain and evident. A Greek orator, whom Horace has copied, tells us, that mankind at first differed not from the brutes, until they discovered reason and language : they do not tell us, however, by what art men devoid of reason could have discovered reason. This at first gave me some trouble, but I soon found that it must have been through an occult quality : I next began to reflect on this occult quality, but could not make it out. The administration of cathartics was first invented by the dogs, who are seen, when afflicted with an apergia, to pull out the roots of sweet grass, and eat them. An Italian doctor would fain enlarge upon this theory ; he observed the dogs biting their tongue, as he says, to free them of excessive blood. He proposed this new art of bleeding, and tried it gratis, upon the poor ; however, this discovery soon became occult again. The incubation of eggs was first discovered by the crocodiles who deposit theirs in the sand. Spallanzani of Pavia, has lately gone farther into the subject ; he has published a new and entertaining theory for impregnating all animals by a physical apparatus. This discovery may be of use to the committee of provisions, since they can now determine with precision

the maximum of all the necessaries of life. The injection of diluents was taken by the Thebiac priests, from the practice of the Ibis, which for this purpose makes use of the sea-water, and her own long bill for a conductor, whenever she has hurt her appetite with an old and tough crocodile. It were to be wished that the present abuses may be reformed, since here we see the primitive spirit of injections : for my part I shall use no other liquor than salt-water. Cecrops king of Athens, first invented the joining of male and female : this indeed was an useful speculation. Some one will ask me, whether it had not been so from the beginning ? They may enquire of me how Cecrops himself was born ? I do not know, but this I can tell, that the Athenians had been grass-hoppers, and it is but natural to suppose that grass-hoppers were changed into men. It was from observation that the empiric found the art of making potable gold which we may write hereafter.— The invention of monarchy was borrowed from the tigers ; and from these also the art of eating human flesh, and drinking human blood, and of growling for joy at the sight of human agony : but to give all and each their due, those arts have been much improved by the Copists, and are now become a part of Technica Curiosa. The distribution of hours was taken — here I awoke, for I had nodded upon the candle, whose salutary and pungent operation soon brought me back from this deliquium ; I continued, however, to dream, and write the remainder with my eyes open : and, what is remarkable, on first emerging from sleep, I heard the words, still vibrate on my tongue—Sleep, quoth Sancho, it covers one like a cloak. Thus my ecstacy had been but of a moment, and yet I had written a whole paragraph, and fallen asleep, and fallen upon the candle in this indivisible space of time. Who can doubt of Mahomet's veracity after such a commentary ? Though to some persons this vision of mine may seem apocryphal ; yet with me who cannot be imposed on where I am so nearly concerned, and with all good Mussulmen, it must have its own weight : and I lament exceedingly, that Anacharsis thought proper to get him executed so hastily, and before the publication of my apocalypse. He might have inserted this amongst his other excellent demonstrations in favour of Mahometanism. The proof is decisive, for I do not see how any Christian could answer it, without pretending that what I say is not altogether as true as it might be. But it is to be hoped they will not be out-done in believing by Mussulmen, whom they hold in so much abhorrence.

EUGENIO.

(Continued from page 166.)

The next letter in Eugenio's packet is very short, but I cannot do better, perhaps, than give it to my readers, especially as nothing comes from that quarter, but what will well harmonise with religious contemplations. The letter is from Amelia to Eugenio.

" My best of friends,

And does the little vista in the wood begin to look delightful? Then does every place else begin to look dull to me; for no place has attractions for Amelia but where she can imagine the presence of Eugenio. My father promises to bring me in a fortnight to see you, and in the mean time I must be satisfied with thinking of you; yet think of you I cannot, with all that perfect delight with which your image used to fill my bosom, as long as you continue to cherish this pensiveness of disposition, and to dip all your thoughts in this melancholy die. Why travel into the land of dreams for topics of sorrow, and thence transplant into our minds these shadowy griefs, while so many substantial joys await us, and while genial hopes and native pleasures spring up in gay luxuriance before our feet? My dear friend your mind is too highly wrought for the relish of actual pleasure, and the objects of common life. Oh, how I wish you could a little unrefine yourself, and reduce to a lower pitch those high tones of feeling that never can harmonise with the measures of our condition and our allotment here! As of late you have sometimes complained of debility of nerves, accept my recipe: instead of reposing on the strength of a fragile philosophy, and maintaining the struggle alone, call to your aid the practical consolations of business and amusement; build more upon the success of diversion than opposition, and study rather to make a dexterous retreat than a desperate defence. In the mean time accept of this little poem, which has been given to my father by one of his friends, and which is somewhat applicable to your particular case.

Say HENRY, should a man of mind
Sigh o'er his brittle crust,
Or grieve because it is not join'd
To fibres more robust?

Look round with philosophic ken,
Through Nature's works below,

From very atoms up to men,
You'll find it ordered so

That much of all we choicest hold,
Admire with one acclaim,
Is of a delicater mould,
And of a feebler frame,

Look at that bird of glossiest wings,
Yet sweeter taste than plume,
That scuds, that murmurs, sips and sings,
And feasts upon perfume.

Look at the rose his bill invades
With eager wanton strife;
On what a slender stem it fades,
And blushes out its life!

Look at bent lillies as you walk,
How elegantly thin!
Yet well that fragrance from their stalk
Proclaims the power within.

Look at the sex whose form may vaunt
More grace than bird or rose;
What fine infirmities enchant,
What frailty charms in those!

Examine men, the world around,
That soar with gen'rous aim;
How few with rugged strength abound
In fibre or in frame!

Great souls, with energetic thought,
Wear out their shell of clay;
Yet at each crevice light is caught,
Till all is mental day.

Then HENRY, let no man of mind
Sigh o'er his brittle crust,
Or grieve because it is not join'd
To fibres more robust."

The following letter was written by Eugenio soon after the receipt of the above.

" My dearest Emily,

I was thinking, last night, as I sat in my little plantation, how many new possessors it is destined perhaps to receive, long after time shall have swept away the memory of our names and our loves. In this frame of mind, I cast my eyes upon that fragment of a Gothic window, and those other vestiges of an ancient abbey, which remain upon the premises. Here my thoughts were carried back, through a series of changes to that long forgotten period in which this Abbey stood in all its pride, regarded perhaps then as an upstart edifice in the fashion of the day, and built perhaps in part with the ruins of some older monument that occupied the same spot of ground—

" But time has seen that lifts the low,
And level lays the lofty brow,
Has seen this broken pile complete,
Big with the vanity of state;
But transient are the smiles of fate!

A little rule, a little sway,
A sun-beam in a winter's day,
Is all the great, the mighty have
Between the cradle and the grave."

" Thus in the great mysterious system of change, by which the universe is governed, we see one thing gradually drop into another; and, amidst a perpetual fluctuation of its parts, the great order of the world goes on with unchangeable constancy. While 'one day telleth another, and one night certifieth another,' while the seasons return with unfailing regularity, and the great and governing laws of nature preserve an unerring uniformity; a silent succession of parts, a perpetual course of renewal and decay in the organization of the particulars which compose this great whole, make the tenure of life and all its circumstances awfully precarious in the midst of such general certainty and catholic order.

" This fickle constitution of our natures I can easily apply to myself; I can imagine the hand with which I am writing palsied and decayed;—but on thy dear face I cannot suppose a wrinkle; I cannot figure to my fancy that victory of time, which shall destroy the charms of that mouth I have so often hung over enraptured. Yet, my dear Emily, that beauty must yield, all paramount as it is at present; and unless the grave interfere, those features will one day have nothing but the mind to illuminate them, though such a mind as would have made thee handsome in spite of rules.

" You complain of the grave turn of my reflections, and recommend me to mix in the world and take a part in its contests and ambitions. Indeed, my child, I am not dull except when you are from me: as for grave reflexions, this is surely not a merry being that we possess; and it is more our own folly than the comedy of life which makes some of us go so laughingly through it. But into the contests and ambitions of the world, another consideration deters me from embarking—and that is the vanity and uncertainty with which they are attended. I am no novice in the game of life; and it is from conviction that I affirm all that part of it to be but a splendid cheat in which our solid comforts are played against a slippery and hazardous elevation. I should as soon persuade myself to sacrifice my friend to a momentary jest, as to give up what I conceive to be the serious business of life for the short-lived vanity of rising in the world.

(To be continued.)

MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES.

FOR THE REPOSITORY.

The early maturity of human nature in southern climes is to us an object of surprise; but to them our grey hairs even in infancy are much more extraordinary. In Constantinople or in Venice, it would seem as preternatural to see a child with white hair, as amongst our peasants to see a man with green eyes. Aulus Gellius had bought in *Magna Grecia* certain old Greek romances, which he quotes to prove their absurdity. Here is a text of one of those fools:—at the extremity of the world there is a country called Albion, in which the very children have hoary locks. To a man who disbelieves every think not seen, this critique of Gellius may seem reasonable; but our own knowledge has sufficiently answered him, and proved the veracity of poor Onesicritus. The existence of the Antipodes was a matter of much mirth to Lucian and Demonax; it was then only an error, but afterwards became heresy. We see from this quotation, however, that England had been visited by the Greeks, and that its name is not modern. The words of the translation made by Gellius are as follow—*Erant autem isti libri Græci omnes miraculorum fabularumque pleni: res inaudite incredulæ: scriptores veteres non parvæ auctoritatis Aristæas Proconnesius, et Isigonus Nicæensis, &c.*—*Memoratum traditumque esse* “in ultima quadam terra quæ **ALBANIA** dicitur, giganti homines qui in pueritia canescant.”

The beauties of the following inscription will sensibly strike the reader. The powers of poesy seldom create more lively sensations than from its perusal.

Here stop, young man! and if thine eye
Can shed o'er injur'd worth a tear,
With heedless step oh pass not by,
But wake the thought of pity here.

Beneath this yew's funeral shade
The broken-hearted Nancy sleeps;
And often here the passing maid,
Or passing rustic stops and weeps.

For black-hair'd Nancy, kind and fair,
Was gentle as the gentle dove,
And died (ah wretched!) in despair,
The victim of unhallow'd love!

Or, if thou shed'st the bitter tear
O'er thine own sorrows, man forlorn!
Here pause, for she reposes here
Who once like thee was doom'd to mourn.

Beneath this yew's dark umbrage rest,
Against the rugged trunk reclin'd:
And tender thoughts, ideas blest,
Shall softly soothe thy mourning mind.

But hast thou, wretch! by beastly lust
Impell'd to do the blasted deed,
Betray'd the virgin's guileless trust?
Wretch, if thou hast, stop here and read:

“ Spoiler of maids, whose soul is guile,
A villain's victim sleeps below!
She drank sweet poison in a smile,
And found that lawless love was woe.

“ Modest she was, she knew not art;
Her thoughts ne'er soar'd on wings of
pride;
Her hand was bounty, and her heart
To pity's mildness was allied.

“ Love, love the purest, fir'd her breast;
Love was betray'd by villainy:
But now her sorrows are at rest,
And her sad story speaks to thee.”

If the principal of attraction be universal where no body intervenes, it may be probable that the action of the magnet is to attenuate the material elements between its extremity and the body attracted. This supposition is rendered more probable by a fact:—we know that the magnet on being rubbed with garlic loses its attractive power, and garlic is of a property quite opposite to the former supposed one. This secret might be tried with success, for decoying a vessel from her bearings, by fixing the needle to any point.

The stile and manner of certain authors can never be imitated, but may be rivalled. After a thousand commentaries and critical analyses, who can copy the spirit of Homer, of Tibullus, or of Petrarch?—Aristotle, the sage reviewer of the *Iliad* is the worst maker of verses that ever appeared: there are many ballads superior to his heroic lines in sense and in harmony. In our times, we have seen the soul of Petrarch revived by Maria Williams: her Sonnet to Peace can never be equalled in our language, as her misfortunes cannot be equalled by any. The elegy of Gazul is next to that sonnet, it will make many a fool labour after it in vain.

F. Quvedo de Villegas says somewhere,
“ Lend and never ask for your money, make

presents, treat, bear, endure, do good turns, hold your peace, and suffer yourself to be cheated cheerfully; so shall you be beloved of all mankind.”

His advice to those who would be successful at suits at law was, “ Never pay your council nor attorney, nor discharge any fees of court; for all that money is certainly lost, and it is a daily charge to you. And if you pay them and gain your cause, still your money is gone; or, if your are cast, still worse. For, take notice, before you go to law, the controversy is, whether the money is your's or another's; but when the suit is begun, the contrivance is that it be neither your's nor the other's, but their's who pretend to defend you both.”—At Rome, in the chancery court, on the staircase, there is a bas-relief of Apollo flaying Marsyas; on which a stinging epigram has been made at the expence of the lawyers.

Dr. Stebbing speaking in one of his sermons, of Hume and some other metaphysical writers, said sarcastically, “ our thoughts are naturally carried back on this occasion, to the author of the first philosophy; who likewise engaged to *open the eyes of the public*.—He did so; but the only discovery they found themselves able to make was, *that they were naked!*”

It was beautifully said by St. Pierre, “ the weevil and the moth oblige the wealthy monopolizer to bring his goods to market, and by destroying the wardrobes of the opulent they give bread to the industrious. Were grain as incorruptible as gold, it would be soon as scarce; and we ought to bless the hand that created the insect which obliges them to sift, turn, and ultimately to bring the grain to public sale.”

IMPROVITU.

From off that delicate fair cheek,
Oh Maid, too fair, I did but seek
To steal a kiss, and lo! your face,
With anger or with shame it glows;
What have I done, my gentle Grace,
But change a lily to a rose?
At once your cheek and brow were flush'd,
Your neck and ev'n your bosom blush'd;
And shame may claim the larger part,
In that smooth neck, and all above:
But the blush so near the heart,
Oh! let it be a blush of love.
Pygmalion thus lit up with life
The statue that became his wife.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE REPOSITORY.

Midnight Music—A dream of Fancy.

MILD and tranquil was the night,
Softly blew the fragrant breeze,
Cynthia shed her cheerful light
Gilding waters, rocks and trees.

On a rock's projecting brow,
Which o'erhung the swelling main,
Listening to the surge below
There I sat in anxious pain;

All around was hush'd to rest,
Save the ocean's murmur'ring sound,
Weary man with care oppress'd
In soft slumbers quiet found.

Fancy from her airy bow'r
Came my care worn soul to woo,
(At the solemn midnight hour)
And her roses 'round me strew.

From the ocean's glitt'ring bed
Rose to view a heav'nly maid,
Far and wide her glory spread,
In resplendent robes array'd.

As when o'er the vault of night
Streams of fire from northern skies,
Shed abroad their wond'rous light,
Through our bosom's deep surprise:

Thus th' expansive ocean glow'd,
Sudden to th' astonish'd eye:
Gentler now the waters flow'd,
All my soul was fill'd with joy;

Soft she tun'd the breathing lyre,
Cente zephyrs wafted round,
Strains which rapture did inspire
And in spells my senses bound.

Echo from the rocks and woods
Pleas'd repeated ev'ry strain,
While the gently murmur'ring floods
Roll'd in concert to the main.

Peace soon triumph'd in my soul—
Soon my cares were hush'd to rest;
(What can music's pow'r controul)
Then the vision me address'd:

“ Favor'd mortal suffer care
Ne'er to gnaw thy peaceful breast;
Care will soon invite despair,
Music charms them both to rest.

“ When the poor concerns of life
With sad thoughts oppress thy mind,
Quiet the tumultuous strife,
Nor thy brow with wrinkles bind.

“ Seize the rapture breathing lyre,
And thy soul with music cheer;
The sweet sounds will peace inspire,
Ev'ry care will disappear.”

Thus she spoke—the sounds anew
Struck upon my raptur'd ear,
Loud, and louder still they grew,
Then sweet, soothing, soft and clear.

Trembling o'er the tranquil main
Scarce at last the strains were heard,
Transport banish'd ev'ry pain—
And the vision disappear'd.

ALFRED.

ADDRESS

TO THE SHADE OF CUNNINGHAM.

What grievous voice o'er the Atlantic's roar
Rides th' proud billows to Columbia's shore?
Hibernia weeps—her pious sorrow just,
For smote by death, and wrapt in silent dust,
Her much lov'd poet all lamented lies,
For him these wailings rend the pitying skies.

Alas! sad Erin, well mayst thou complain,
And swell the breezes with thy plaintive strain:
Well mayst thou wear that robe of mournful hue

And the bold earth with briny tears bedew;
For thy sweet bard has ta'en a long farewell,
In darkest night, with coldest dampstodwell.
No more that voice shall charm, those eyes
shall roll;

That bosom glow, whose flashes warm'd the soul;

No more that hand shall pen the tender lay;
How ghastly pale, and mould'ring in the clay.
That melting heart with ev'ry feeling warm,
No more gay nature's magic smiles shall charm:

Cold! cold it lies, extinguish'd all its fire,
No more to tune thy magic sleeping lyre.
Thy blooming daughters as they move along,
No more in strains shall breathe thy sooth-

ing song;

All! all forgot, in silence's house at rest,
Fled ev'ry feeling, from that lifeless breast.
Ye spirits say who watch round mortals keep,
Shall worth and genius in oblivion sleep?

Shall genial spring the wither'd earth renew?
And thou O grave! dampnight envelope you?
No! that trump will sound and loud roar-

ing shake

Heav'n's stary arch, and make the moun-

tains quake;

Shall rend the rocks, the hills like atoms sweep,
Dry up the lakes and drink the driny deep:

Then to the narrow house it shall be said,

Unfold your doors, awake ye sleepy dead;

Stand warm in life, before your judge ap-
pear,
Behold his throne resplendent in the air.
Then the pale corse that now polluted lies,
In radiant robes shall walk upon the skies.
Free'd from disease, and from the loathsome

tomb,

Shall ceaseless flourish in immortal bloom.

Departed Bard! to thee my spirits turn,
To thee whose relics fill the envied urn,
Whilst thy lov'd ashes yet are scarcely cold,
While yet the features of thy graceful mould
(To worms a prey) the heav'nly stamp re-
tain,
Thou passing shade accept this mournful
strain,

From one unknown, yet one whose bosom
wears

The cypress wreath and bathes it with his tears,
The shining youth by cruel death laid low,
Fills every bosom with the pangs of woe.
But though that tongue which pour'd the
rapt'rous song

No more shall dictate, yet the lines it sung
Will send your name to ev'ry future day,
Still shall it live in ROMNEY's melting lay.
The fanning breezes as they careless roam
Shall sorrowing murmur round thy peaceful

tomb;

Distilling dews which moist the vernal year
Shall there bestow their richest, warmest tear,
The feather'd warblers of the pensive grove
Shall weeping there forget their tales of love.
Succeeding ages shall thy worth proclaim,
And distant shores re-echo with thy name.
When night's black curtain folds this throb-

ing breast

And woe's keen pulse pervades my peaceful
rest;

To Lagan's stream my pensive soul shall stray
And view the spot which holds thy breath-

less clay,

There by the murmur'ngs of the passing wave
Shall sadly ponder o'er thy early grave;
Till ev'ry thought by fate's command sup-

press'd,

No more can wander o'er the ocean's breast,
Thy heavy loss with sighs no more deplore,
But through death's gloom from all incum-

brance soar,

Where lights immortal to the view unfurl
The hidden wonders of the unknown world.

o

MARRIED—on Thursday evening, the 23d ult. at Reading by the Rev.—the Rev. Henry Muhlenberg to the amiable Miss Mary Heister, daughter of Col. Joseph Heister, all of the same place.

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